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Weimar Love Song

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► **Weimar Love Song** | Mirielle Smith

I've been thinking about broken things lately,
trying to find romance in them,
trying to see why we find romance in them.

The idea of absinthe is much more romantic than the reality,
and this is true for most drugs.
The alcoholic artist has the most beautiful pain,
we are sure of this.

We need people to be broken to be interesting,
broken open like bottles on the floor,
the way we like it when clocks are broken open,
like to stare at the guts of the thing,
the bits that make them tick and move and work,
and maybe if we can study it all long enough we will understand.

Berlin between the wars is more tragic than Paris,
but all we want is the shattered cobbled streets,
the mournful guitars, the smell of baking bread and wine.

I took a walk this morning
and now I wonder why the buttercup I picked
is the only one with white, dead spots,
which I only noticed after I picked it.
It was more beautiful in the field on the side of the road,
but it's just as poetic lying forgotten on my bathroom counter.